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THE LATE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND ANTIQUITIES OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL.



(INTERIOR OF THE LATE HOUSE OF COMMONS, see page 324.)

THE conversion of St. Stephen's Chapel into the House of Commons, or, properly speaking, the fitting-up of "the House" within the Chapel walls has already been incidentally noticed at page 275. The body of the House occupied only one-half of the Chapel area, the other portion being in lobbies; and it was not more than half the height of the Chapel walls; so that, in reality, scarcely a fourth part of St. Stephen's Chapel was employed for the sittings of the members. Indeed, the House resembled a huge box: beneath it was the Speaker's dining-room and other apartments; and above it to the original roof, was the gallery, known as "the ventilator."

We have spoken of the uncertainty of the style in which the House was first fitted up; but, it was not until the reign of Queen Anne, that galleries were added under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren. It was then customary to cover the walls with tapestry, which

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was renewed every new parliament, the house-keeper, claiming, on such occasions, the old hangings as her fee.

From that period to 1800, little appears to have been done to the House; but, when the hundred Irish members were to be added, in consequence of the Union with Ireland,*

* The House of Commons, in Fortesque's time, who wrote during the reign of Henry VI., consisted of upwards of 300 members; in Sir Edward Coke's time their number amounted to 493. At the Union with Scotland, in 1707, there were 513 members for England and Wales, to which forty-five representatives for Scotland were then added; so that the whole number of members amounted to 558. On the Union with Ireland, in 1801, one hundred members were added for that country; and the whole House of Commons from this time has consisted of 658 members. In the election of members, anciently, all the people had votes; but in the eighth and tenth of King Henry VI., for avoiding tumults, laws were enacted, that none should vote for knights but such as were freeholders, did reside in the county, and had forty shillings yearly revenue, equivalent to nearly twenty pounds a year of our present money:

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it was found expedient to extend the accommodation for sittings. When the waincoat was taken down for this purpose, the walls were found to be covered with *oil paintings*, many of which were in a state of high preservation. Dr. Charles Gower, one of the physicians to the Middlesex Hospital, communicated a knowledge of this discovery to Mr. John Thomas Smith, an ingenious artist, who was so pleased with these beautiful specimens of ancient art, that he solicited, and obtained permission, to copy them for the purpose of engraving. This work he accomplished amidst the noise and dust of the alterations; for the workmen were not allowed to suspend their labours a moment for the artist's accommodation. Mr. Smith subsequently published engravings of several of these paintings in his work on the *Antiquities of Westminster* :* in these plates is not only delineated the outline of the several subjects, whether on stone or glass, but the colours are actually matched. Among the subjects represented on the walls of the Chapel were the History of Jonah, Martyrdom of the Apostles, History from Joseph to Joshua, History of Daniel, Jeremiah, the Israelites, Tobit, Judith, Susanna, Bel and the Dragon, Samuel to Solomon, and our Saviour's Miracles. One of these paintings is represented as possessing great merit in the composition: the subject was the Adoration of the Shepherds; in which the figure of the Virgin was not devoid of beauty or dignity.

We copy, in outline, one of Mr. Smith's specimens, and regret that we can only convey to the reader by words, an idea of the beauty and brilliancy of its colours. It is represented by Mr. Smith as a figure from St. Stephen's, though it corresponds with one of "the King delivering to Nicholas de Ely, his new Great Seal," said to have adorned Henry the Third's New Council Chamber, built in the twenty-eighth year of his reign, (1245,) and commonly called the Chamber of the Holy Cross. We are unable to determine its identity, but shall proceed to describe a few of its beauties. It resembles one of the illuminated figures of a missal, or Catholic mass-book. The complexion of the King is fair, his hair of dark auburn; in his right hand he bears a golden sceptre, surmounted with a silver bird; and in his left hand is an ornament of gold, resembling a shrine: the dress is magnificently embroidered; the

the persons elected for counties to be *milites notabiles*, at least esquires, or gentlemen fit for knight-hood; native Englishmen, at least naturalized; and twenty-one years of age; no judge, sheriff, or ecclesiastical person, to sit in the house for county, city, or borough. The working of the recent Reform Act need not be added.

* *Antiquities of Westminster*; the Old Palace; St. Stephen's Chapel, (now the House of Commons,) &c. containing 246 engravings of topographical subjects, of which 120 no longer remain. By John Thomas Smith.

legs are bright vermillion; the band blue and gold, very superb; and the shoes profusely dight with gold: while the back or wall, elaborately figured in black and grey, sets off the exquisite richness of the whole composition. (*See the Engraving.*)



(Painting from St. Stephen's Chapel.)

There were likewise found upon the walls several *painted texts*† of the reign of Edward III., in Latin, beautifully written in the finest jet black, with the first letter of bright and different colours. Several grotesque paintings also served as supporters to the different coats of arms which adorned the frieze; and, "a close resemblance might be discovered between some of these monstrous combinations, and the figures which were employed in the Egyptian hieroglyphics."

At the alteration and enlargement of the House of Commons, which brought these relics to light, the entire side walls were taken down, (except the buttresses that supported the ancient roof,) and thrown back,

† The texts in the Painted Chamber were of earlier date than the above: they will be noticed in the description of that very interesting apartment.

by which more seats were procured. The Chapel, as finished by Edward III., was of such great beauty, that it has been regretted that it should have been defaced by these alterations. "The interior walls appear to have been divided into compartments of Gothic, but not inelegant forms; each having a border of gilt roses, and the recesses covered with paintings. At the east end, including about a third of the length of the chapel, which exhibited various tokens of having been once inclosed for the altar, the walls and roof were completely covered with gilt and painted decorations. The gilding was remarkably solid and highly burnished, and the colours of the paintings vivid, both being apparently as fresh as in the year they were executed."

Besides these early specimens of pictorial embellishment, there were also discovered many beautiful specimens of sculpture: the foliage enrichments of the columns, and the elaborate finish of the Gothic frieze are referred to as examples; and we have transferred one of the handsome doorways illustrated in Mr. Smith's work.



(Door-way in St. Stephen's Chapel.)

A writer in the *Morning Herald* refers to the beautiful cloisters of the Chapel as "the last specimens of the true and elegant Gothic that were erected in England. Just as these fine works were finished, under the direction of Dr. Chambers, who was dean of the Chapel Royal of St. Stephen, Henry began his turmoil which ended in the Reformation."

With reference to the above relics, gene-

• London and Middlesex. By the Rev. J. Nightingale.

rally, it has been observed, "that such exquisite productions should have been so shamefully neglected is matter of surprise to those only who are unacquainted with the exact nature and extent of the prejudice which, at the time of the Reformation, swelled the breasts of the Reformers. The connexion which these paintings were supposed to have with the ancient superstition, was a sufficient cause for their neglect, and even their total destruction. When, therefore, the sanctuary of devotion was converted into the present House of Commons, the exuberant decorations on the windows and the walls, were probably defaced without scruple or remorse. Not even a tradition remained of their existence; nor, is it probable that they would ever have been known, if the Union with Ireland, by necessitating an enlargement of the House, had not caused them to be brought to light. Something singular, therefore, is attached to the history, the preservation, and the discovery, of these curious vestiges of art, which belong to a period comparatively barbarous, and exhibiting an almost total dearth in embellishments of genius and taste."†

In connexion with the figure represented, it may be observed, that Henry III., (to whose reign this specimen is referred,) enriched many cathedrals with sculpture and with painting, "to an extent and with a skill," says Allan Cunningham, "which merited the commendation of Flaxman." Much of the undisciplined talent of this period was also employed in embellishing palaces: "foreign artists too were imported; and the manufacture of saints and legends was carried on under the inspection of one William, a Florentine. Those productions take their position in history, and claim the place, if not the merit, of works of taste and talent. At best they were but a kind of religious heraldry; the most beautiful of the virgins and the most dignified of the apostles were rude, clumsy, and ungraceful, with ill-proportioned bodies and most rueful looks."‡

This language is scarcely applicable to the painting of which we have just spoken, although the specimen has somewhat of an heraldic formality and character. However this may be, a passage referred to by Walpole, of Henry III. directing his chamber at Winchester to be painted with "the same pictures as before," proves that the art of painting had been introduced early among us; perhaps it even countenances the tradition that it is as old as Bede. "Vertue indeed urges with more nationality than probability, the claim of England to early knowledge of art, and our acquaintance with the mystery of oil colours before they appeared in Italy. In sculpture, considerable talent was shown before this period; but he who proves that equal skill was exhibited in painting, has

† Nightingale. ‡ Cunningham's Lives.

likewise to prove that the artists were Englishmen — a circumstance contradicting tradition, and unsupported by history. The early works in this island were from the hands of foreigners.”*

The arts seem to have suffered some neglect during the reigns of the first and second Edwards; but it is observed by a Correspondent of the Journal already quoted, that “it is a curious circumstance, and but little known, that certain records of the reign of Edward I., prove that oil was used in painting St. Stephen’s Chapel about 130 years before painting in oil is said to have been invented by John Van Eyck,” who flourished at Brussels in 1410. “Hawkins says, the same records furnish the names of painters in this country entirely unknown before, and existing in a period during which Lord Orford confesses he found no vestiges of the art; though he adds, it was certainly preserved here by painting on glass.”

It remained, however, for Edward III. to perfect the chapel of St. Stephen, and for united beauty of construction and splendour of decoration, to render it the gem of its age. “Of this very beautiful and magnificent building, it is not too much to say, that no edifice existing at the time of its erection, in any part of the world, could in any degree be compared with it; nor is it supposed that any of later times could be produced at all equal to it in point of splendour of decoration, unless, indeed, it may be the church of St. Peter, at Rome. The church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, now a Turkish mosque, is commended for its internal beauty, arising from the mosaic ornaments on its walls; but it cannot be imagined, in this respect, a rival to the chapel of St. Stephen, because it does not appear, that any historical compositions, or other subjects of painting, except only a few single figures on the inside of an arch, not exceeding four altogether, are represented on its walls, which seem rather to resemble a tessellated pavement. If Erasmus was struck, as he professes himself to have been, at the sight of the riches of Becket’s shrine, and Keysler, in viewing those of our Lady of Loretto, what would, in all probability, have been their sensations, on seeing this Chapel in its full glory and splendour, and lighted up for the performance of divine worship.”

The interior of the late House of Commons, as shown in the Engraving, has been frequently described, but seldom, if ever, more pleasantly, than by one of the honourable members who last spoke within its walls.† To conceive an accurate idea of the building itself, or rather the hall or room, occupied as “the House,” the reader has only to ima-

gine a small church or chapel, capable of seating about 1,000 persons only, when every part is filled, pews, aisles, galleries, and all; and he will have a correct notion of the size of the House. Its form was oblong; the length being equal to about twice the breadth. The central pews in the lower part of the Chapel having been all removed, left the open space then called the floor. The side pews, under the galleries, were replaced by open seats or benches, which were ranged lengthwise, instead of across, and ran parallel to the sides of the building; and these being raised in elevation one above the other, from the front range on the floor to the back range touching the wall, (to the number of five or six in succession,) the members, on both sides, faced each other, and were thus more easily seen and heard. The entrance to the chapel was at the west end: and, on either side of the passage, on going in, were ranges of seats, under the west-end gallery, rising one behind the other, like the side seats, and appropriated chiefly to the reception of strangers, who were admitted here by the Speaker’s order only, obtained through a member of the House. They were conducted to their places by official messengers, dressed in black, with collars or badges round their necks: and when any division took place, the same messengers directed them to withdraw. There also sat two gentlemen in full court dresses, with swords, occupying seats specially set apart for them, ready to take into custody any one offending the rules of the house, and otherwise to obey the order of the Speaker.

On entering by the west door, the spectator had immediately opposite to him, at the eastern end, three, tall, arched windows, which stood over the altar of the original chapel; in place of which altar was an eastern doorway for the retirement of the speaker and the members. The speaker’s chair occupied the place where the pulpit of the Chapel originally stood; and, being lofty and capacious, surmounted by the Royal arms, well carved in oak, and elevated a little above the floor, it had an imposing appearance. Before the Speaker’s chair, and occupying nearly two-thirds the breadth of the floor between the side benches, stood a large, square table, covered with the official boxes of the ministers, large volumes of statutes and reports, and other books and documents for ready reference connected with the proceedings of the House; and in the centre was laid the mace. At the upper end of this table, immediately before the speaker, and, consequently, fronting the visitor who entered the apartment, sat three clerks, wearing the wigs and gowns of barristers-at-law, and taking notes of such parts of the proceedings as required

† We have seen a fragment of the altar, which was of ebony.

* Cunningham.

† J. S. Buckingham, Esq. one of the members for Sheffield. Parliamentary Review, No. 1.

to be entered in the journals or placed on the records of the House.

The several divisions of the benches were generally thus filled: the front row, on the floor, and to the right of the Speaker, when seated in his chair, was called the Treasury bench, and was occupied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or leader of the House of Commons, and the Cabinet Ministers, or public secretaries near him. The benches rising behind this were filled by the avowed adherents of the Ministry. On the benches extending from these, onward to the door of entrance, and still on the right of the Speaker, or on the left of the visitor as he entered, sat the independent members, who, though not pledged to support the Ministry on all occasions, were considered to be rather inclined to assist them than otherwise, to approve of their policy generally, and to give them the benefit of all doubts that might arise in any difficult questions.

The opposite side of the House was appropriated nearly in a similar manner. The Opposition benches were directly over against those on which the Ministers sat, the front range being occupied by the most distinguished and most determined opponents of the existing administration; and the ranges behind by those next in order of intensity, or determination in their general disapproval of ministerial measures; while the benches onward, towards the door, were occupied by independent members, not pledged to support the Opposition in all their views, but rather inclined to oppose the Ministers than otherwise.

The whole of the house was lined with wainscot, and the benches of the members had cushions, covered with leather. The galleries which ran along the west end, and the north and south sides, were supported by slender iron pillars, crowned with gilt Corinthian capitals.

The galleries were thus disposed of: the end one, over the entrance door, had in its front a large clock, and was opened to the reporters of the press, and to visitors; and the whole gallery would contain about 200 persons. The side galleries were rarely used, and then only by members.

These separate divisions of the House were estimated, as to capacity of accommodation for members, as follows: the lower part of the House, including the two sides, at 200 each; the cross benches, recesses, and parts behind the Speaker's chair, at about 100 more, making 500 at the utmost, when closely packed. The side galleries might contain, if crammed full, 150 each, or 300 in the whole; and the end, or Stranger's gallery, 200 more—making 1,000 in all; but that would be at the risk of probable faintings and suffocation from want of air, and the certain discomfort of all persons present.

The House was lit by a large central chandelier, and smaller chandeliers projecting from the galleries.

The whole of these fittings, "which converted the finest chapel in the kingdom into the worst imaginable chamber of legislation, have withered away like a burnt scroll, and revealed the original walls and proportions of the building," (as shown in the Cut, at page 328,) with much of the original mouldings and tracery, carving and embellishment, having the sharpness and beautiful finish of yesterday. Indeed, the strength and thickness of the gilding, so to speak, are surprising.

It has been stated in the *Morning Herald*, that several of the apartments connected with the ancient service of the Chapel were long used as coal, wood, and lumber rooms. An exquisite octagonal chamber in the chapter-house served as a scullery and bake-house; and an oratory above it, of the same admirable proportions, was used as a lumber place, and footman's sleeping-room. The present Speaker has, however, restored these apartments at last to the dignity of parlours. In the chapter-room is the identical table on which lay the mace, when Cromwell ordered his soldiers to "take away that shining bauble, and lock up the doors." The *Herald* states it to be a handsome table, well-made, and in high preservation, adding that "it has been traced to the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was manufactured out of the first cargo of mahogany received in this country." There must be an error in the last lines; for, although Raleigh is said to have employed mahogany in repairing his ships, the first cargo of this beautiful wood was not received in England until the year 1724, or only 110 years since. We, therefore, suspect the age of the table to be considerably less than is set down by our contemporary.

TALLIES.

At the present moment, the origin of this antiquated mode of reckoning may be acceptable to our readers.

The custom may be traced in the Roman *symbolum*, which was a piece of wood or metal, broken into two parts, one of which was consigned to each contracting party. Olaus Wormius has given a representation of the tallies used by the ancient Danes, of which each party kept one; but, it appears that we are indebted to our Norman Conqueror for the establishment of this rude contrivance of registering in England, at the period of his Conquest.

Sir John Fenn says a tally, or *taille*, (from the French *tallier*, to cut,) was a straight, well-seasoned cleft stick of hazel or willow, both parts of which were notched, according to the sum advanced, one part remaining with the creditor, the other with the debtor.

"The sum of money was not only marked on the side with notches, by the cutter of tallies, but likewise inscribed on both sides by the writer of the tallies. The smallest notch signified a penny, a larger one a shilling, and one still larger a pound; but other notches, increasing successively in breadth, were made to denote ten, a hundred, or a thousand. The stick was then cleft through the middle by the deputy chamberlains, with a knife and a mallet; the one portion being called the talley, and the other the counter-talley, or folium." (*Knowledge for the People, Origins and Antiquities, Part iii.*)

Tallage was a tax raised by tallies and was part and parcel of the tyranny of the Norman government in England and the feudal system. "The inferior subjects of the crown were oppressed by tallages. The demesne lands of the king and all royal towns were liable to tallage; an imposition far more rigorous and irregular than those which fell upon the gentry. Tallages were continually raised upon different towns during all the Norman reigns, without the consent of parliament, which neither represented them nor cared for their interests. The itinerant justices in their circuit usually set this tax. Sometimes the tallage was assessed in gross upon a town, and collected by the burgesses: sometimes individually at the judgment of the justices. There was an appeal from an excessive assessment to the barons of the Exchequer. Inferior lords might tallage their own tenants and demesne towns, though not, it seems, without the king's permission." (*Hallam's Hist. Mid. Ages, v. ii. p. 441.*)

Reckoning by tallies was the system adopted in the Exchequer, or that branch of the king's court, in which all matters relating to the revenue were exclusively transacted. In time, the tallier of the Exchequer, became corrupted into the teller of the Exchequer.

Giving tallies was a royal mode of contracting debts by our early sovereigns, as Exchequer bills have been the means of raising loans in our times: indeed, the Exchequer bill was the counter-tally, or folium of the tally; and the court of Exchequer has existed in its late order since the days of Edward I., by whom it was regulated and reduced from the institution of the ancient Norman Exchequer, introduced here by William the Conqueror.

Edward III. could not have achieved his glorious conquests without the aid of tallies, which were the sinews of war in his reign, as Exchequer bills have been in our time. Knighton says that Edward collected money, *i. e.* wool to sell for it, from all England by hazel tallies and short writings.

In more recent times, tallies have been

* For the important subject of tallages, see Maxon, *Hist. Excheq. c. 17.*

circulated as money: for, "during the great recoinage," (1697,) says Sir W. D'Avenant, all great dealings were transacted by tallies, bank-bills, and goldsmiths' notes."

In like manner are we indebted to these wooden notes of hand for the first standing army raised in our quarter of the world. About the middle of the fifteenth century, Charles VII. established companies of ordonnance, the basis of the regular French army, in order to protect the country from the pillage of military ruffians, who infested the high roads and villages of France. They consisted of about 9,000 soldiers, all cavalry, of whom 1,500 were heavy armed; "a force not very considerable," says Hallam, "but the first, except mere body-guards, which had been raised in any part of Europe as a national standing army. These troops were paid out of the produce of a permanent tax, called the *taille*; an innovation still more important than the former."

We are inclined to consider the "Clog," or "Perpetual Almanack," made upon a square stick, to have been a kind of tally. Dr. Robert Plot, in 1686, described a variety of these old almanacs then in use in Staffordshire. Some he calls "public," because they were of a large size, and commonly hung at one end of the mantel-tree of the chimney: others he calls "private," because they were smaller and carried in the pocket. Dr. Plot represented one of these clogs in his *History of Staffordshire*, which our ingenious contemporary, Mr. Hone, has judiciously adopted as a frontispiece to the second volume of his treasurable *Every-day Book*. There are three months upon each of the four edges of this clog; and the days, weeks, and months, are denoted by different strokes, similar to the pence, shillings, and pounds, of the money tally. There are, besides, hieroglyphics and other characters too numerous to mention. Hence also the perpetual calendar of school-days; and not a few readers may join ourselves in the recollection of notching a hazel stick with the days to the holidays and *dulce domum*, a notch being cut away with each passing day. Such was the tally of our boyhood—our Time's Exchequer—which a painstaking boy would now and then finish with pen-and-ink letters and figures to denote the days and dates. But, let it not be supposed that we ever imitated royalty by contracting debts or raising money by tallies. Your school loans are raised in pence instead of millions.

The chopping of sticks by the City authorities, in the court of Exchequer, on Michaelmas Day, must not, however, be confounded with a tally custom; its origin being in the tenants of a certain manor in Shropshire supplying their lord with wood; in token of this custom, the tenants are directed by the court to come forth to do their suit and ser-

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vice, when the senior alderman below the chair steps forward, and chops a single stick.

To descend from great to small things, the only relics of the tally within our recollection are the tally of the milkman, (although he employs chalk instead of notches,) and the tally-trade, or the custom of paying for goods by instalments.

It should here be added that the Receipt of Exchequer, the most ancient revenue department in the state, with all its "complicated machinery" of tallies and checks—such as auditor, clerk of the Pells, tellers, deputy tellers, examiners, &c. terminated on the various accounts of the last quarter being made up, and the new establishment came into practice the next day. The comptrollers' department will, for the present, be carried on in the old building in New Palace Yard. The paymaster's department is at the Treasury, where all pensions and public moneys will, in future, be dispersed by check on the Bank of England. In lieu of the revenue being received at the Exchequer, the different receivers will pay it into the Bank of England, to the public account, a new office having been established there for this purpose. The expense in salaries, &c. of the Old Exchequer was about 45,000*l.* per annum.*

As one of the Exchequer apartments was filled with the old tallies, it became advisable to destroy them, and an order was issued from the Board of Works to burn these ancient relics; although it was intimated that "persons curious in such matters would like to purchase bundles of them for museums and collections." The tallies were, accordingly, burnt in the principal stove of the House of Lords, and to the consequent overheating of the flues proceeding in every direction from this stove through the woodwork of the House, is attributed the late fire.

PHILO.

* Since the preceding was written, a column or two of well-compiled antiquarian and historical particulars of tallies has appeared in the *Times* journal, from which we shall select such details as are not included in the present article.

* A Correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* remarks: "The mode of checking by tallies (*bois tallis*) or cleft sticks, for ages set forgery at defiance; the recent change, it is said, has already encouraged two attempts. An old Exchequer tally will now be a relic of price."

The Sketch Book.

THE PORTRAIT.

(From a Correspondent.)

CHARLES BEAUVERGER was a promising young artist of the French capital. Devoted to his profession, he spent one-half of his time in the gallery of the Louvre, though it must be confessed, that he was an equally

constant visiter to the pit of the Grand Opera. The sister arts were his passion; and, if he wanted studies from nature, the *Boulevards* might answer his purpose as well as the *Bois de Boulogne*.

Among his companions, Charles bore the character of a very Solon, the *beau-ideal* of juvenile steadiness; nor was there a young painter in Paris, who could have procured a better certificate from the *Préfecture de Police*. He did not belong to a single political society, nor had he joined the far-famed club of the suicides, who draw lots in the morning to fix upon the lucky member that fortune may have destined for their evening's amusement. The individual, on whom the lot may fall, is expected, (by the particular desire of his friends and the public,) to take a leap into the "dark unknown," after eating a good supper at some fashionable *restaurateur*.

Like other people, Beauverger had proved his patriotic zeal for the honour of *la belle France*, by repeatedly discharging an old fowling-piece at the heads of the Swiss guards, during the three memorable days of July, 1830. It has, moreover, been suspected that he could sing the *Marseillaise*, but he never spoke in admiration of the great Robespierre, nor carried a dagger under his coat, nor ventured to show himself in the *Palais Royal* with a St. Simonian beard, or even a blood-red, thorough-going, out-and-out rebel cravat. In fine, he had not committed any of those marvellous absurdities, which have lately so distinguished the youth of Paris.

The reader will by this time have judged, that he was not without good sense and good feeling, the sole preservatives from the influence of a general or epidemic folly. He possessed, indeed, not only these, but a considerable share of talent, with an imagination of no little warmth. Unhappily for his professional fame, he was very poor, and where money and credit are totally wanting, the most shining abilities, or solid acquisitions, in Paris, as in other places, are, to borrow a commercial phrase, rather at a discount.

Hitherto he had lived on, sufficiently contented with his humble lot, when, led by the music of *Robert le Diable*, and not having the fear of the tender passion before his eyes, he took his ordinary place at the opera, one winter's evening, before the rising of the curtain. His fate was irrevocably sealed by one glance at the boxes.

Almost in the centre of a group of bright faces, there sat one of the most lovely *demoiselles* that ever smiled on a Parisian audience. The simple arrangement of her coal-jet hair, the light elegance of her dress, and, above all, the modest grace of her demeanour, accorded well with the appearance of extreme



(Ruins of St. Stephen's Chapel. See page 325.)

youth. Her figure could hardly have been surpassed on this side of fairy-land, and the beauty of her intellectual forehead, with the bright fulness of her eye, could bear comparison with the fairest creations of Italian art.

Such was the charming person that inspired the painter with emotions which he vainly attempted to combat. He gazed upon her till his whole inner man reeled in the drunkenness of enjoyment: he heard not a single note of the fine music—he saw none of the splendid scenes of magnificent *diablerie*—for his heart was in the dress circle, bound by the magic spells of a sweeter enchantment.

At the close of the performance, he flew to the doors of the theatre, but he only succeeded in getting a momentary glimpse of the fair unknown, just as she was on the point of stepping into a carriage, which almost immediately drove off.

From that evening, poor Beauverger was haunted by a restless and uncontrollable desire of ascertaining the name and residence of his beautiful enslaver. He wandered about Paris like a troubled spirit, frequented all the places of public amusement, (to the great injury of his failing purse), visited all the

churches, (till the beadles took him for a pious devotee), curtailed his allowance of meat, drink, and sleep; and became, in consequence of this habitual abstinence, very thin, very pale, and the living picture of morbid melancholy.

After a time, despairing of success in his manifold researches, he adopted another resolution, which will appear no less romantic than his preceding course of action. Having purchased the necessary materials, he began to trace upon canvass the lovely features which had caused him so much tribulation, and, his whole mind being fixed on the work, he soon completed an excellent portrait of his adorable charmer.

Spring had now returned, without effecting the smallest change in the nature of his ideas. He had spent a whole forenoon, according to his custom, or, if you will, his caprice, in contemplating, with a sorrowful kind of pleasure, the labour of his own hands. The sun had reached its meridian, before he condescended to recollect that he had had no breakfast, and was in the fair way of having no dinner. The fact was, that his finances were totally exhausted, for the reader will readily suppose that his late occupations had

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not been quite so productive in a pecuniary as in a poetical sense.

Hunger is a great moralist on the vanity of human wishes—almost as bad as Dr. Johnson himself—so that when Charles came to the door of the *traiteur's*, and putting his hand into his pocket, drew it out *empty*, he felt himself rather awkwardly situated, and much more inclined to be sober in his future desires. To starve would be, by no means, a pleasant mode of terminating a love adventure; besides, he would soon have to pay his landlord, the tailor had been pressing for a settlement of his little account, and his heart swelled at the bare thought of his angry washerwoman.

Torn by conflicting feelings, (but rather disposed to blush for the romantic delusion, which had brought him to the want of actual necessities,) he hurried through the noisy streets, regardless of the giddy votaries of pleasure, who swarm, like flies in the sunshine, wherever Paris extends her dissolute dominion. After wandering for some hours without any very settled purpose, he found himself in the midst of the tombs, the garlands, and the crucifixes of *Père la Chaise*.

By the side of a little mound of turf, green as an emerald, tastefully decorated with flowers, and inclosed round about with a neat iron railing, stood an old gentleman, whose dress and mien brought to the mind of the beholder a thousand recollections of *l'ancienne France*. He wore a well powdered wig, from which descended a *queue* of no puny dimensions; his waistcoat would have made from three to five of the modern articles of that name; and his roquelaure, (to use the favourite expression of my Uncle Toby,) was made of a species of satin. When to these parts of his attire, we add the glories of knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, we have little more to say respecting his appearance, except that his clothes were all of the deepest black, and that his pale countenance bore evident signs of a secret and absorbing sorrow. He looked upon the grave beside him, and his eyes filled with tears.

Grief opens the heart to sympathy, and teaches us to pity the grief of others. When the old gentleman turned "with ling'ring steps and slow" from the tomb, which had spoken to his feelings, and told of severed affection, he saw the slender figure of Charles Beauverger at no great distance. Struck by the melancholy looks of the painter, he approached him with a benignant mien, and, in the kindest, as well as the most delicate manner, he begged to know if he could be of any service. The young artist blushed and stammered, but the stranger continued his inquiries with so much perseverance, and yet with so much urbanity, that he soon learned the position of our luckless hero.

"I see it all!" said the good old man.

"You are poor, and you are proud; so were the great poets and painters of antiquity. Believe me, there is nothing to blush for in their company; it does you honour, Monsieur, it does you honour. Pray, do me the pleasure of dining with me!"

This invitation was by far too welcome to be refused, and the new friends proceeded together to a splendid *hotel* in the *Faubourg St. Germain*, the residence of the Marquis de V—. Beauverger had every reason to be satisfied with the hospitality of his entertainer, who still, however, continued to be depressed by a dark melancholy.

Before they parted, the Marquis requested the address of his young friend, and the next morning, Charles was not a little surprised by a visit from his host of the preceding night.

"I come," said he, "to see what can be done for you. I am thought a tolerable judge of paintings, and shall be willing to purchase one of yours. Let me have the advantage of viewing them."

Beauverger changed colour, and produced a few sketches, the work of a former period.

"These cannot be all," continued the old gentleman; "show me some of your finished productions."

"They were all sold about six months ago," replied the artist.

"And what have you been doing ever since?" asked the warm-hearted visitor, with a smile of incredulous astonishment.

"I have a picture," said Charles, "but, poor as I am, I would not sell it for a thousand times its weight in gold!"

"You will show it, I suppose," continued the Marquis.

Beauverger drew aside a green curtain, behind which was the famous portrait.

"Good God!" cried the old gentleman.

"My daughter! my lost Gabrielle!"

A torrent of tears flowed down his furrowed cheek, and his utterance was checked by frequent, audible sobs.

"Your daughter!" said the youth, sinking back in a chair.

"Yes!" replied the Marquis; "my beloved, my lamented daughter! She died, poor girl, of a consumption; and when I met you yesterday, Monsieur Charles, I had just been to visit her grave. But where did you know her, and how came you to take this admirable likeness?"

With a tone of real feeling, that served to palliate the previous absurdity of his conduct, and exhibit the fine qualities of his heart in the most favourable light, did Beauverger begin to relate his romantic adventure. When he had finished, the Marquis took him by the hand, and thus addressed him:

"We part no more, my young friend! You shall not sell your picture, but you shall come with it, even as it now hangs there, to my

house. Would to God, that Gabrielle were yet mine to give! I am sure that you would have made her a good husband; but, as that cannot be, you shall console me for the loss of her sweet society. Having no children, *you* shall be my son! We will think of her as of a dream, by which we were both deceived, though one of us be bowed with the weight of many years, while the other is yet in the spring-time of his life; and when we mingle our tears together, that picture shall be at our side—the cause and the cure—the witness and the comforter!”

ERIC.

Notes of a Reader.

PULCHER'S SUDBURY POCKET-BOOK FOR 1835.

THIS is certainly one of the prettiest of our provincial periodicals, and we are happy to congratulate its editor and publisher on his continued success. He has very judiciously continued the Botanical Calendar, an improvement of last year, and added a copious Almanac, which, by the way, may be received among the first fruits of the bit-by-bit repeal of the taxes on knowledge.

The poetical miscellany has enlisted Mary Howitt, Bernard Barton, the editor, and others; their several contributions are full of good taste and fine feeling, and are such as must improve every family circle in which they may be introduced. The following, by Mary Howitt, are characterized by touching simplicity and sweetness.

COWSLIPS.

Nay, tell me not of southern flowers,
Of plummy bells from Persian bowers;
The cowslip of this land is ours,—
Is dearer far to me!
This flower in other years I knew;
I know the fields wherein it grew,
With violets white and violets blue,
Beneath the old elm-tree.

I never see these flowers but they
Send back my memory far away,
To years long passed, many a day
Else perished long ago:
They bring my childhood's days again;
Our garden-fence I see it plain,
With ficaries* like a golden rain,
Showered on the earth below.

A happy child, I leap, I run;
And memories come back, one by one.
Like swallows, with the summer's sun,
To their old haunts of joy.

A happy child, once more I stand
With thee, sweet sister, hand in hand,
And hear those tones, so true, so bland,
That never brought annoy.

* *Ranunculus Ficaria*—Pilewort, Crowfoot, or Lesser Celandine. "In the spring of the year, almost every grove, thicket, and dry hedge-bottom is enamelled with the glossy, golden flowers of the pilewort, the petals of which appear actually varnished. When they have been a few days exposed to the bright sun, they become white, and then fall off."

I hear again my mother's wheel;
Her hand upon my head I feel;
Her kiss which every grief could heal,
Is on my cheek e'en now.
I see the dial overhead;
I see the porch o'er which was led
The pyracantha green and red,
And jasmine's slender boughs.

I see the garden thicket's shade,
Where all the summer long we played,
And gardens set and houses made,
Our early work and late;
Our little gardens, side by side,
Each bordered round with London pride,
Some six feet long and three feet wide,
To us a large estate.

The apple and the damson trees,
The cottage shelter for the bees,
I see them—and beyond all these,
A something dearer still;—
I see an eye serenely blue,
A buoyant heart, a spirit true,
A friendship that my childhood knew,
Alas! in good and ill.

Sweet sister, thou wert all to me,
And I sufficient friend to thee;
Where was a happier twin than we,
Who had no mates beside?
Like wayside flowers in merry May,
Our pleasures round about us lay!
A joyful morning had our day,
Whatever its eve betide.

The Step-mother, by G. W. F., is another melody for childhood, and breathes affection in every line: and the Dirge upon Captain Clapperton, by Bernard Barton, subsides into the best consolation. The Poetical Selections and Original Hebrew Melodies, with Enigmas and Charades, complete the contents of this very pleasing Annual-et! The Engravings are tastefully executed. Melford Hall is a charming frontispiece, and Melton Spring is a gemmy vignette.

CHANGES ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

[AMONG the *Notabilia* of the *Examiner*, we find the following very interesting reading.] A manuscript work, entitled "The Wonders of Nature," is preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, by an Arabian writer, Mohammed Karwini, who flourished in the seventh century of the Hegira, or at the close of the thirteenth century of our era. Besides several curious remarks on aerolites, earthquakes, and the successive changes of position which the land and sea have undergone, we meet with the following beautiful passage, which is given as the narrative of Khidz, an allegorical personage:—"I passed one day by a very ancient and wonderfully populous city, and asked one of its inhabitants how long it had been founded? 'It is, indeed, a mighty city,' replied he; 'we know not how long it has existed, and our ancestors were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves.' Five centuries afterwards, as I passed by the same place, I could not perceive the slightest vestige of the city. I demanded of a peasant, who was gathering herbs upon its former site, how long it had been destroyed? 'In sooth, a strange question!' replied he; 'the ground

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here has never been different from what you now behold it!" "Was there not of old," said I, "a splendid city here?" "Never," answered he, "so far as we have seen, and never did our fathers speak to us of any such!" On my return there, 500 years afterwards, I found the sea in the same place; and on its shores were a party of fishermen, of whom I inquired how long the land had been covered by the waters? "Is this a question," said they, "for a man like you?—this spot has always been what it is now." I again returned, 500 years afterwards, and the sea had disappeared; I inquired of a man who stood alone upon the spot, how long this change had taken place; and he gave me the same answer as I had received before. Lastly, on coming back again, after an equal lapse of time, I found there a flourishing city, more populous, and more rich in beautiful buildings, than the city I had seen the first time; and when I would fain have informed myself concerning its origin, the inhabitants answered me, "Its rise is lost in remote antiquity: we are ignorant how long it has existed, and our fathers were on this subject as ignorant as ourselves."—[Surely, in this fragment of antiquity, we trace the "Geological Changes" of modern science.]

The Public Journals.

THE WATER-DRINKER IN THE PYRENEES.

[A CLEVER, lively, rattling paper with this head-line appears in *Blackwood's Magazine* for the present month. It is of the pure magazine, touch-and-go, keep moving order; and having once begun it, you feel as if you are with the writer in every nook, corner, and turning of his rambles. Tired with the revolutionary *folies* of the *Trois Jours* in 1832, he bought a pair of Norman roadsters at Paris, and mounting his *garçon* on one, and himself on the other, he rode forth to take the world as it came. The next evening he reached Orleans, and thus he tells his night's sojourn there:]

The Innkeeper's Daughter.

I was rather unlucky in the time of my arrival. There were at once some kind of fair in the city, a squadron of cuirassiers in the stables, whose officers were lodged in the house, and a marriage party. This marriage was curious, and characteristic enough. The bride was somewhat distinguished for personal charms. She was rich, yet she had remained single till five-and-twenty—a terrible period for a French belle matrimonially inclined, and this delay had been aggravated by the circumstance that she had been continually surrounded by troops of admirers. From her prominent position in the world, the front of her father's bar—a rich innkeeper in one of the neighbouring towns—no passer-by could be

ignorant of her attractions, and many a glance and many a speech had told her that her "single blessedness" was distraction to mankind.

The captains of the *demi-solde*, now a numerous body in France, laid siege with the vigour of veterans, who longed for a comfortable retirement from the turmoils of the world. The *garçons de bureau*, the most exquisite coxcombs, or the most coxcomb exquisites, in France, brought down their newest speeches and waistcoats from Paris, on their way to the south, and angled for her with these glittering baits, *en passant*. As for the young Orleanois, they had all sighed, and sighed in vain. The secret of all this cruelty was not in the fastidiousness of the lady herself; for none could complain more loudly of the hard necessity of making so many fine young men miserable for life. The stony heart was in her father's bosom. He had been born and bred the keeper of an inn, and such he was determined should be his son-in-law. But, next to his own will in this instance, he loved his daughter, and the grand difficulty was, how to reconcile his trading predilections with the personal tastes of mademoiselle. After having swept the wide circle of his own experience, and failing in the search, he had actually advertised for a husband. The advertisement was eagerly answered from all corners of France; for, however equivocal a parent's panegyric of his daughter's charms might be considered, there could be no room for any error in the fact, that she was to be worth 100,000 francs on the day of marriage, and as much more on her father's decease. A dozen or two of stirring young fellows, who thought themselves made for captivity, as indeed every Frenchman does and will do, to the end of time, came forward as innkeepers; but the parental investigation was too keen for those extemporaneous sons of hospitality. Their hotels were found to be in the air; *Chateaux en Espagne*, and they were summarily dismissed. The lady exhibited the most meritorious indifference on the occasion. But romance has a share in every thing on French ground. Under all this frost there was fire. The difficulty was, to find an innkeeper at once to her taste and her father's, for he would not have given her to a marshal of France, unless he wore an apron and stood at a bar. At length the true Simon Pure appeared. A showy figure, with the true Gascon *patois*, grimace, and gaiety, strong upon him. Now let me not be conceived a willing libeller of the *beau sexe*, when I say that the daughter took a dislike to this very likeable personage in the exact proportion of the father's liking. The Gascon produced his credentials—they were every thing that was satisfactory—he knew every inn from the Loire to the Rhone, and abounded with pleasantries of them all. At length some malignant, who, of course,

had been among the rejected suitors, began to spread the report that the man of anecdote was an *aventurier*. This he denied, declaring that it was a mere *ruse* to extinguish his hopes, and offered to fight the whole population of Orleans, the day *after* he should become a husband. The innkeeper was of course the more obstinate the more his wisdom was doubted by his neighbours, and his taste disputed by his daughter. Yet, in the meantime, he actually sent off a confidential friend to make inquiries on the spot where the Gascon had described his trade as flourishing. Just one week before my arrival, a despatch had reached him from the quarter in question, stating, that his friend had been seized with illness, but had sent him the fruit of his inquiries, all highly confirmatory of his opinions. The despatch was triumphantly read at the door of the hotel, and in the moment of reading, a stranger, who had mingled in the crowd, offered to bet 10,000 francs that the whole affair was a matter of moonshine, and that the fair lady of the inn and the Gascon would never be married. All this sounds like the plot of a farce, but what else is life in France? The innkeeper, sure of his facts, took the bet at once, and offered to double it; which, however, the stranger declined. The bet had been scarcely made, when the friend came galloping up, to declare that he had been on the spot where the Gascon had *located* his establishment, and that it was no where to be found unless in the bottom of the Garonne, which flowed over the exact spot described. A Frenchman's indignation is always prodigious, and the father's wrath was of the most amusing order. But the stranger returned, and demanded the payment of his wager. Between vexation at his own credulity, and at the loss of his money, the old man played innumerable antics, but the money side of the question prevailed, and rather than pay the 10,000 francs, he consented to the marriage. The Gascon was sent for; he appeared; was boiling over with wrath at the whole transaction, declared himself so ill used by the general suspicion, that nothing could induce him to ally himself with a father who could treat him so ungenerously, and finally challenged the bearer of the intelligence to mortal combat. At length, to avoid the *ecot* of the affair, he was pacified by the promise of 5,000 francs, in addition to the former dower.

But now another impediment arose. The intended bride was missing; she had fled, leaving a letter on her pillow, declaring that she had retired from the persecutions of lovers and father, to a neighbouring convent, where she was determined to take the veil. Confusion on confusion. After another negotiation with the stranger, in which he refused to lower his wager a single sou, the half-frantic innkeeper offered his fugitive

daughter 5,000 francs more to return, forget her antipathies to mankind, and marry the Gascon, however she might hate him in particular. The lady at last gave way, as she declared, merely for the sake of the parental peace of mind. She now returned, gave her hand to the Gascon, who was discovered to be her favoured lover half-a-dozen years before, a gallant subaltern in some of the French marine corps, and betrothed to her privately before he had left France. The old innkeeper's resolve to give his daughter only in the line of his own vocation, was the grand impediment. The mission of the friend to ascertain the point was known, and the wager was laid by a brother subaltern, in anticipation of his return. The better, of course, disappeared. The two lovers obtained their additional dower, squeezed out of the purse of the old man, who was rich enough to give double the money; and, if I were to judge from the festivity of the evening, all parties were in a state of rapture at the *dénouement*. They kept the whole building in an uproar till long after midnight, dancing, drinking, and singing choruses to the honour and glory of *La belle France*.

I slept but little. My host had crammed me into a *grenier*, which having been once used as a store-room for the family provisions, was now haunted by rats, who lived on the remembrance, or came, like the ghosts of old times, to wander round the spot where what they so long loved had lain. The night was a perpetual succession of noises, to all of which the habitual architecture of France gave full play. Every door, every floor, and every window, was but variety of chink; and I could not merely hear every sound from every corner of the huge hotel, but almost see every movement. Candles glanced their twinklings across my rafters from the rooms below, and as my chamber was a mere loft, running over a long gallery and its annexed apartments, I had the benefit of the whole illumination. If I had taken the trouble, I might have had a bird's eye view of all the proceedings of the feast, military and civil, below. But just as I was falling asleep, and the songs and shouts were mingling into a drowsy murmur on my ears, the cuirassiers began to stir. The trumpet sounded in the stables, thenceforth all was trampling, scrambling, and *sacreing*. Then heavy boots began to pace along the gallery, then the waiters began their morning practice of *rattaning* the dust out of their clothes, which French economy considers a much more saving plan than brushing them, the whole making a strong resemblance to a distant musketry fire. I gave up the attempt to struggle with this general conspiracy against human quiet, and added my share to the disturbance, by ordering my cavalry to be saddled, and setting myself *en route* over the large pavement of the courtyard.

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THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

(Concluded from page 300.)

ANOTHER mile or two of bad road—not powder pavement, however, but an odd jumbling together of sand and stones upon a foundation which had never been properly levelled; our driver commenced chattering at a great rate. The horse either could not or would not increase his speed beyond a walk; and to the oft repeated question of "How far are we from Bannow now?" the changes were rung as follows:—"Near upon four miles."—"Three miles and a perch."—"Four miles good."—"Whatever you may think, the baste counts it four mile and a quarter." And once, when I inquired of a smith who had left his iron cooling at the door of his forge to run and look at us, he replied, after the true Irish fashion, "Why, thin, is it to Bannow ye're going?"

They certainly are the most amusing and the most provoking people in the whole world. My patience began to ebb; I think—I do not mind confessing it now—but I do think I was getting out of humour; I was fatigued beyond the power of saying what fatigue was. The evening clouds were overshadowing us, and the road looking dreary, and the cabins very unlike the sweet cottages at Saltramills.

"How far is it, as the crow flies, from Ballyhay to Bannow?"

"About three miles."

"And by your road?"

"Faith, Ma'am, dear, I wouldn't say but it's eleven."

"One would think you delighted in making long instead of short roads."

"So we do—that is the County does; the longer the road the longer the job—the longer the job, the more money for the job-makers. But murder in Irish—if there isn't a stream."

"Well, it is not a foot deep."

"Sure I know that; but Counsellor Dan himself wouldn't argufy Spanker over a running stream, though he says to the King, they say, 'William, my dear, do this—and Billy, my darlint, sign tother;' yet he wouldn't got Spanker over a stream."

What was to be done? Off jumped Matty and commenced unharnessing the abominable horse. "What do you intend to do?" we inquired. "Just then carry him over."

"Carry what over?" "The baste, to be sure." "What, that vicious brute?" "Ay, or go back to Ballyhay?"

The man was perfectly in earnest; he succeeded in assembling two or three countrymen, who fairly lifted the horse over, and then pushed the car on to the opposite side.

"And now," says Byrne, turning to me with no gentle countenance, "if you wasn't every inch a lady, I'd tell you that it was very cruel to call that sinnible baste a vicious

brute—he has come a'most the whole road wid ye without a kick or a stumble to signify, or a stoppage, or anything but the heart's blood of good manners. Didn't I rare him from a foal, trotting at my knee with my own childre?"—and hasn't he the sense of a Christian? It's little I thought a lady would turn her tongue to call him a brute."

"I believe, Ma'am," inquired Matty, after a pause occasioned by the car's jolting so loudly over a quantity of bad road, that it would have been impossible for us to hear the discharge of a cannon, "I believe you have no such convenient ways of travelling in your country as this? You are always shut up in coaches, and such kind of things, so that the fresh air can't get about ye, and you have no sort of exercise; the English people as well as the English carriages are mighty asy going: there's no such thing as a post-chay used this side o' the country on account of the cars."

While my heart felt swelling within me, a sad train of thought was broken, by our driver exclaiming to one of my companions—"What did you say, Sir?"

"I was observing," was the reply, "what you can know little about, Matty; that it is supposed the lost books of Spenser's 'Fairy Queen' are still in Ireland."

Byrne cast a contemptuous look upon the gentleman, as well as to say, "May be I don't know indeed!" then with a changed expression of countenance, while with his whip he pointed exultingly to a neat, pretty cottage whose white chimneys peered above the trees which clustered round it, he replied—"There's the man that has them!"

"What!" exclaimed my companions, in natural astonishment, "do you mean the man who lives in that cottage possesses the lost books of Spenser's 'Fairy Queen'?"

"Faith, I do—mean what I say, the very books. Every book that's *printed* at all at all, he gets, and the 'Dublin Pinny Magazine;' and a mighty fine man he is, own brother's son to Father Goram, with a power o' larnin; and since yer honor's so curos about thim books, shall I step down and say you want a sight of them? he'll lend them to you with all the pleasure in life, I'll go bail."

At first the gentleman's blank look of disappointment was exceedingly amusing. Matty's earnestness had misled them; they forgot for a moment that an Irishman pretends to know every thing; that he is never at fault; and within that moment, brief as it was, visions of the extreme splendour with which the concluding books of the "Fairy Queen," would burst upon the reading public in this time of poetic drought, damped their imaginations; even the mention of the "Dublin Penny Magazine" hardly reduced

them to sober prose. Poor Byrne! he was much annoyed at not being permitted to display his friend's store of information to the "Strange English."

We had entered upon our last mile: we were in the "charmed district," where the benefits arising from resident landlords, and the advantages of education and cleanliness, are too evident to be for a moment questioned.

Poor Spanker had climbed his last hill, and stood panting at the summit. The sun had sunk behind the old church of Bannow, and steeped the ocean in a flood of golden light. What had once been, and still is called the Moor, lay beneath our feet, gemmed with neat and tranquil cottages, inhabited by contented and cheerful inmates. In the background rose the mountain of Forth, celebrated in the history of the Irish Rebellion; and somewhat in the shadow of the windmill which crowns the hill stood a tall, picturesque figure, his hands folded, and resting on the top of his staff, and a pretty little sylph-like girl, of about five or six years old, clinging to the skirt of his coat, which was belted round his waist by a leathern belt.

"I'd be mighty grateful to ye, Ma'am, if ye'd walk down this bit of a hill. Ye seem to know right well the ould place, and can't mistake it; and I'll lade the baste down. It's small trouble, I'm thinking, to ye to be done with the jaunting car?" said Matty Byrne.—*Abridged from the New Monthly Magazine.*

New Books.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

(Continued from page 287.)

[We resume our selection of brilliant passages from this richly-stored work; although, where all is splendour, like the boy in the Eastern tale, we are somewhat embarrassed in our selection of its riches. The following observations are full of energetic truth,—upon what may be termed]

The Ubiquity of Intrigue.

It is not without interest to observe in those remote times, and under a social system so widely different from the modern—the same small causes that ruffle and interrupt the "course of life," which operate so commonly at this day;—the same inventive jealousy, the same cunning slander, the same crafty and fabricated retailings of petty gossip, which so often now suffice to break the ties of the truest love, and counteract the tenor of circumstances most apparently propitious.—When the bark sails on over the smoothest wave, the fable tells us of the diminutive fish that can cling to the keel and arrest its progress;—so is it ever with

the great passions of mankind—and we should paint life but ill if, even in times the most prodigal of romance, and of the romance of which we most largely avail ourselves, we did not also describe the mechanism of those trivial and household springs of mischief which we see every day at work in our chambers and at our hearths. It is in these, the lesser intrigues of life, that we mostly find ourselves at home with the past; if you scorn them, you are only a romance writer—and you do not interest the heart, because you do not portray it.

[Here is a graphic outline of]

The Temple of Fortune.

Unconscious of the sudden enemy he had left behind, and forgetting not only his taunts, but his very existence, Glaucus through the gay streets, repeating to himself, in the wantonness of joy, the music of the soft air to which Ione had listened with such intentness; and now he entered the street of Fortune with its raised footpath—its houses painted without, and the open doors admitting the view of the glowing frescos within. Each end of the street was adorned with a triumphal arch; and as Glaucus now came before the temple of Fortune, the jutting portico of that beautiful fane, which is supposed to have been built by one of the family of Cicero, perhaps by the orator himself, imparted a dignified and venerable feature to a scene otherwise more brilliant than lofty in its character. That temple was one of the most graceful specimens of Roman architecture. It was raised on a somewhat lofty podium, and between two flights of steps ascending to a platform, stood the altar of the goddess. From this platform another flight of broad stairs led to the porico, from the height of whose fluted columns hung festoons of the richest flowers. On either side the extremities of the temple were placed statues of Grecian workmanship; and at a little distance from the temple rose the triumphal arch crowned with an equestrian statue of Caligula, which was flanked by trophies of bronze. In the space before the temple, a lively throng were assembled—some seated on benches, and discussing the politics of the empire, some conversing on the approaching spectacle of the amphitheatre. One knot of young men were lauding a new beauty, another discussing the merits of the last play; a third group, more stricken in age, were speculating on the chance of the trade with Alexandria, and amidst these were many merchants in the Eastern costume, whose loose and peculiar robes, painted and gemmed slippers, and composed and serious countenances, formed a striking contrast to the tunicked forms and animated gestures of the Italians. For that impatient and lively people had, as now, a

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language distinct from speech—a language of signs and motions inexpressibly significant and vivacious: their descendants retain it, and the learned Jorio hath written a most entertaining work upon that species of hieroglyphical gesticulation.

Portrait of the Heroine.

Ione was one of those brilliant characters which but once or twice flash across our career. She united in the highest perfection the rarest of earthly gifts—Genius and Beauty. No one ever possessed superior intellectual qualities without knowing them; the alliteration of modesty and merit is pretty enough, but where merit is great, the veil of that modesty you admire, never disguises its extent from its possessor. It is the proud consciousness of certain qualities that it cannot reveal to the every-day world, that gives to genius that shy and reserved and troubled air, which puzzles and flatters you when you encounter it. Do not deceive yourself, vain worldling, by the thought that the embarrassed manner of yon great man is a sign that he does not know his superiority to you! that which you take for modesty is but the struggle of self-esteem. He knows but too oppressively how immeasurably greater he is than you, and is only disconcerted, because, in the places you encounter him, he finds himself suddenly descended to your level. He has not conversation—he has not thoughts—he has not intercourse with such as you—it is *your* littleness that disconcerts him, not his own! Ione, then, knew her genius, but, with that charming versatility that belongs of right to women, she had the faculty, so few of a kindred genius in the less malleable sex can claim;—the faculty to bend and model her graceful intellect to all whom it encountered. The sparkling fountain threw its waters alike upon the strand, the cavern, and the flowers; it refreshed, it smiled, it dazzled every where. That pride, which is the necessary result of superiority, she wore easily—in her breast it concentrated itself in independence. She pursued thus her own bright and solitary path. She asked no aged matron to direct and guide her—she walked alone by the torch of her own unflinching purity. She obeyed no tyrannical and absolute custom. She moulded custom to her own will, but this so delicately, and with so feminine a grace, so perfect an exemption from error, that you could not say she *outraged* custom, but *commanded* it. It was possible not to love Ione; perhaps she seemed too high for the love of vulgar natures; but if you did once love her, it was to adoration. The wealth of her graces was inexhaustible—she beautified the commonest action; a word, a look from her, seemed magic. Love her, and you entered into a new world; you passed from this trite and common-place earth. You were

in a land in which your eyes saw every thing through an enchanted medium. In her presence you felt as if listening to exquisite music; you were steeped in that sentiment which has so little of earth in it, and which music so well inspires—that intoxication which refines and exalts, which seizes, it is true, the senses, but gives them the character of the soul. She was peculiarly formed, then, to command and fascinate the less ordinary and the bolder natures of men; to love her was to unite two passions, that of love and of ambition—you aspired when you adored her.

[The following reflective pages upon a tortoise found in the house appropriated by the author to Glaucus, teem with philosophic beauty.]

When that fairy mansion was first disintegrated from the earth, they found in the garden the shell of a tortoise that had been its inmate. That animal, so strange a link in the creation, to whom Nature seems to have denied all the pleasures of life, save life's passive and dream-like perception, had been the guest of the place for years before Glaucus purchased it; for years, indeed, which went beyond the memory of man, and to which tradition assigned an almost incredible date. The house had been built and re-built—its possessors had changed and fluctuated—generations had flourished and decayed—and still the tortoise dragged on its slow and unsympathizing existence. In the earthquake, which sixteen years before had overthrown many of the public buildings of the city, and scared away the amazed inhabitants, the house now inhabited by Glaucus had been terribly shattered. The possessors deserted it for many days; on their return, they cleared away the ruins which encumbered the viridarium, and found still the tortoise, unharmed, and unconscious of the surrounding destruction. It seemed to bear a charmed life in its languid blood and imperceptible motions: yet was it not so inactive as it seemed; it held a regular and monotonous course: inch by inch it traversed the little orbit of its domain, taking months to accomplish the whole gyration. It was a restless voyager that tortoise!—patiently and with pain did it perform its self-appointed journeys, evincing no interest in the things around it—a philosopher concentrated in itself! There was something grand in its solitary selfishness!—the sun in which it basked—the waters poured daily over it—the air, which it insensibly inhaled, were its sole and unfauling luxuries. The mild changes of the season, in that lovely clime, affected it not. It covered itself with its shell—as the saint in his piety—as the sage in his wisdom—as the lover in his hope. It was impervious to the shocks and mutations of time;—it was an emblem of time itself: slow—regular—

perpetual: unwitting of the passions that fret themselves around;—of the wear and tear of mortality. The poor tortoise!—nothing less than the bursting of volcanoes, the convulsions of the riven world, could have quenched its sluggish spark! The Inexorable Death, that spared not pomp or beauty, passed unheeding by a thing to which death could bring so insignificant a change. For this animal, the mercurial and vivid Greek felt all the wonder and affection of contrast. He could spend hours in surveying its creeping progress, in moralizing over its mechanism. He despised it in joy,—he envied it in sorrow.

The Gatherer.

Hogg's Tales.—"Any commands, Miss, for Watherford?" says I. "Yes," says she; "go to the library, and bring me Hogg's Tales; I want them very much." "To the library to fetch hog's tails!" says I; "that's a queer place to get them." "Not at all," says she; "at the English library. Where else would you get Hogg's Tales?" "Oh! very well, Miss," says I; "as it's the *English* library, I suppose they keep all *sortings* there." "To be sure they do," says she; "you won't forget." "Did I ever forget any thing you bid me?" says I. "When I do," says I, "it'll be time enough for you to be backbiting me," says I; "which is a thing no young lady ought to do to a decent man;" and off I went in a huff. Well, the bustle of the town and one thing or another bothered me so, that I forgot *where* she said I was to get the hog's tails; so I walked off to the shambles, and hunted every stall in the place, but never a man there would cut off the tail of his pig for me, because they all said the tail was the beauty of the baste. So, when I couldn't get the tails, I bought two of the *prettiest* bacon *faces* you ever saw, thinking they'd do for Miss Carline as well as the hog's tails! And to be sure the laugh they ris again me, for it turned out that what she wanted was a story-book, written by one Mister Hogg—and sure that's a queer name for a Christian.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Himalaya Mountains.—The trees in these regions are sometimes of enormous girth, occasionally measuring 20 feet in girth, towering to a height of more than 150 feet, and exhibiting a sheer, branchless trunk at least 60 feet high, surmounted by a vast crest, which waves like a gigantic canopy above it, projecting its mighty shadow in the calm, clear light of the setting sun, and wrapping in solemn shade the scarped and precipitous sides of the neighbouring hill. Every thing here is, in fact, on so immense a scale, that all minuter objects are lessened to a degree

hardly to be conceived. At a short distance, a man seems dwindled to a mere puppet, while horses and oxen appear scarcely bigger than dogs.—*Oriental Annual* for 1835.—(This volume is of similar excellence to its predecessor, and the Engravings are upon the same superb scale as last year. We have copied the most successful of them as an illustration of the Supplementary "Spirit of the Annals for 1835," published with the present sheet.)

Patronage of Genius.—A hitherto unrecorded instance of the patronage which George IV. privately afforded to genius, has just come forth in the memoir of the late N. T. Carrington, the author of the poem of *Dartmoor*. When it first appeared, in 1826, the monarch ordered his opinion of the poem to be transmitted to the author in the shape of a present of fifty guineas.

Lawyer's Writing.—A lawyer once told a friend of mine, that he was in the habit of writing three sorts of hand. The first was such, that he and his clerk could only read; the second himself could only decipher, and the third could not even be understood by himself. *Moral.*—With regard to the first, his clerk could only betray him; to the second, he could only be betrayed by himself; and the third was a regular injunction upon himself and his proceedings. P. T. W.

The Weather.—Among other prognostics of a hard winter, an English gentleman residing in France, writes, "I have for some years observed, that *onions* have a less or greater number of *skins* according to whether the ensuing winter is to be mild or severe. This year they are very thickly coated."

H. D. C.

Utility of Wealth.—"I have not observed," says Dr. Johnson, "that men of very large fortunes enjoy anything extraordinary that makes happiness. What has the Duke of Bedford? What has the Duke of Devonshire? The only great instance that I have ever known of the enjoyment of wealth was that of Jamaica Dawkins, who going to visit Palmyra, and hearing that the way was infested by robbers, hired a troop of Turkish horse to guard him."

Steam Engines.—Such has been the improvement in these mechanical giants, that as much power is now obtained from one bushel of coal, as in the earliest periods was to be had from seventeen bushels.

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